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SPIDER-MAN® WOLVERINE®



DIRECT EDITION



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I guess
I don't know
where to
start.



There's
just so
much...
You
see, this
story --
it's
strange.



*Even
for me.*



I don't
know how to
make it make
sense to
you. I'm not
even sure it
makes sense
to me.



In the end, it
all comes down
to one, simple
truth...



STUFF OF LEGENDS

BRETT MATTHEWS

W R I T E R

VATCHE MAVLIAN

A R T I S T

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S

PAUL MOUNTS **CORY PETIT**

C O L O R S L E T T E R S

NICK LOWE

A S S I S T A N T

E D I T O R

JOE QUESADA **NANCY DAKESIAN**

E D I T O R M A N A G I N G

E D I T O R

KELLY LAMY

A S S O C I A T E M A N A G I N G

E D I T O R

JOE QUESADA **BILL JEMAS**

E D I T O R I N C H I E F P R E S I D E N T

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That much is obvious.



Actually, it's not.

You see-- It's supposed to be a *secret*.

Which is a big part of why my life's so completely messed up and I'm sitting across from you like this--

Uh, what's that?



The exact amount of time you have to make yourself clear.



Perhaps you should start at the beginning.

Right.

The beginning.



"Just a couple of days ago, things were *normal*..."



"Or, at least the kind of thing that passes for that in my life."



"I was happy."



"And sad."



"Sometimes even both at the same time."

"Like I said..."

ROCKXAXXANNE!

You don't have to put up a red light...

ROXANNE!!!

--put up a red light--

ROX--

put up a red light...

RING

"Normal."

Peter, it's Aunt May.

I just wanted to remind you about dinner next Sunday.

Meatloaf, mashed potatoes, stringbean casserole...

And absolutely no cancelations. You play your cards right, I might even bake a pie.

Wouldn't miss it for the world, Aunt May.

Good.

Because that's exactly the excuse you normally use.

I'll see you at seven.

"If I'd of known what the day was gonna bring, I'd've crawled back into bed right then and there..."



So... the cell membrane gives way and the negatively charged particles rush out and the positively charged particles rush in.

And in that way, opposites both *attract* and *repulse*...



It's kind of like that whole Billy Bob/Angelina Jolie thing--

Mr. Parker?

Sorry to interrupt.

Kelly Cox.

The school's new Assistant Principal.



Correction: The school's new *cute* Assistant Principal.

This package just came through the office for you.

I thought it best to run it right down myself.

And young.



Oh. Thanks, Kelly.

Focus on the young.



Something's *tingling*.

I took the liberty of throwing my number in there.

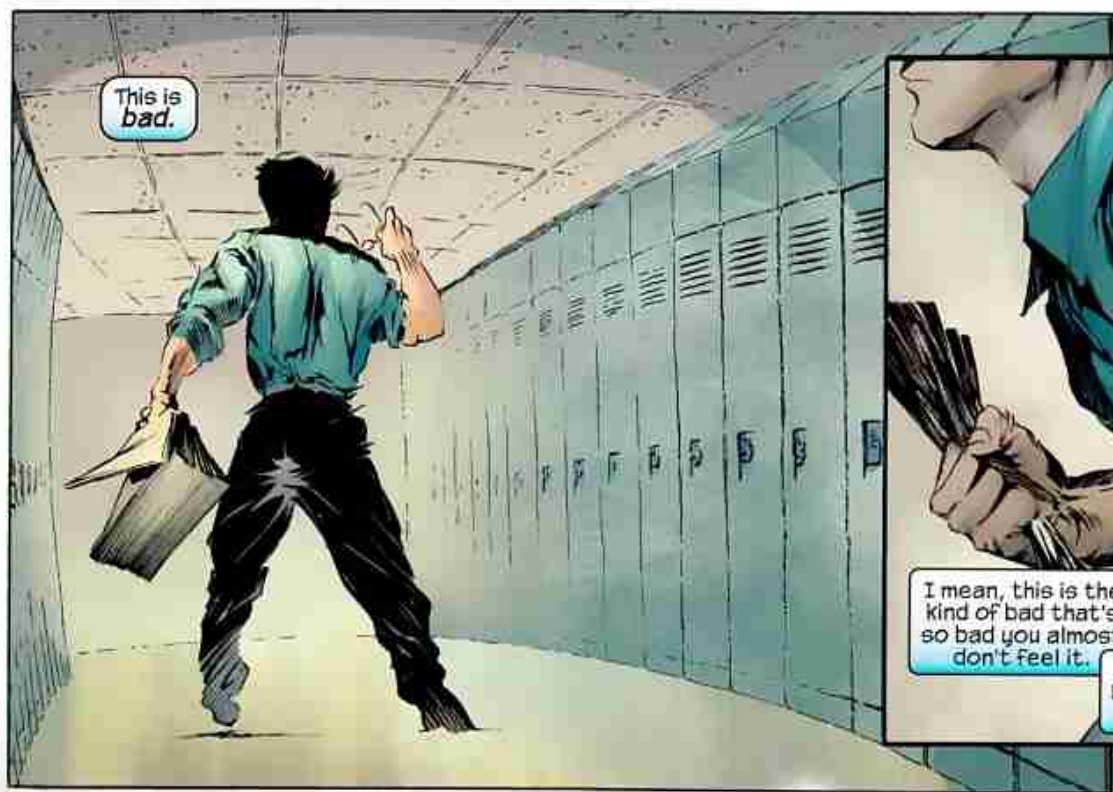
You know... should you have any questions.

It's a home number.

It's not the Spider-Sense.



Then again...



This is bad.



I mean, this is the kind of bad that's so bad you almost don't feel it.

This is Trickle-Down Economics bad.



This is sand-in-the-swimsuit bad.

This is Detroit Tigers bad.

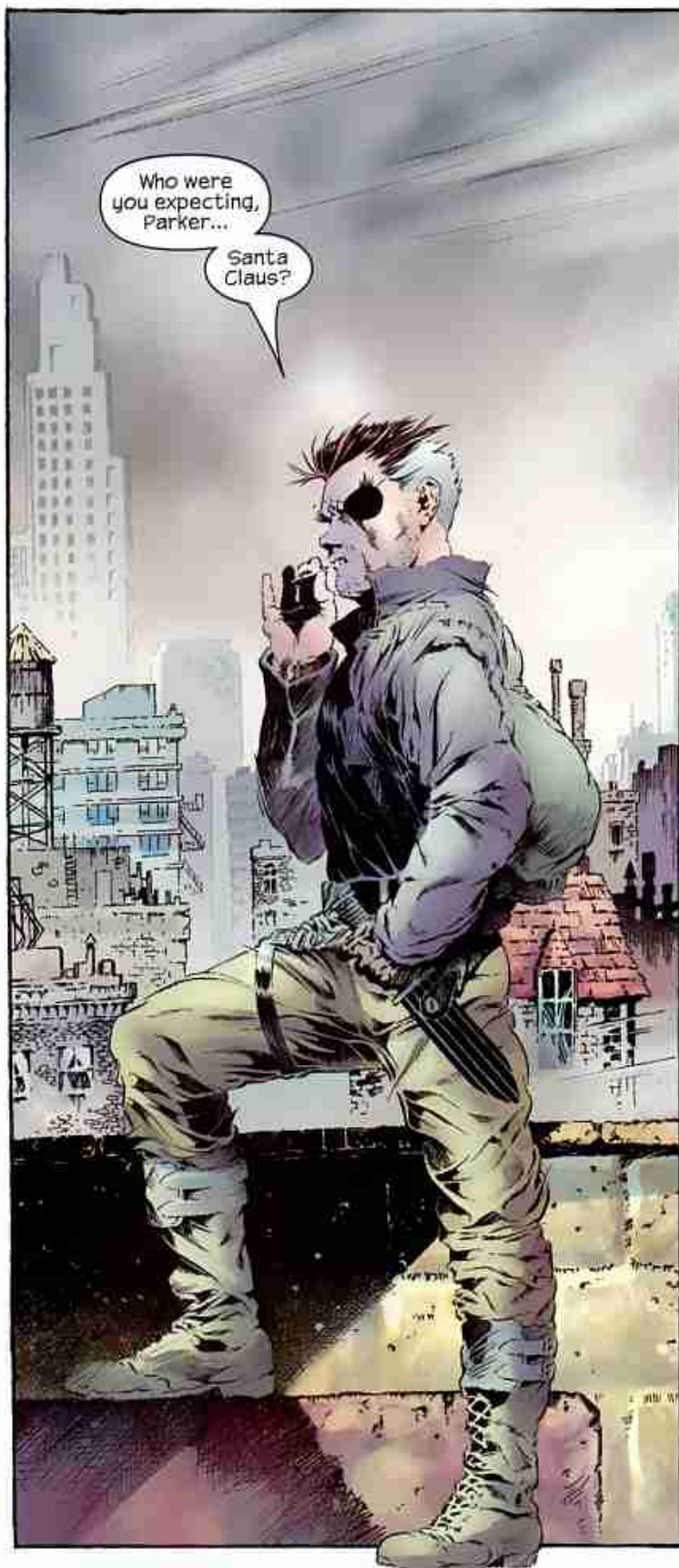


Hell.

This is Phantom Menace bad.



You.







Could I--

Could I get some water?



Man, just hearing myself tell this story--

I guess I'm not sure what I'd think if I were you.

I mean, it all seems a bit ridiculous...



So it's not just me, then.



No.

In my defense, imagine what it feels like to accidentally *stick* to something. Or get your butt kicked by a nutbag with *metal freakin' arms*. Or have to worry about what temperature to wash your tights in so the *red* doesn't bleed with the *blue*.

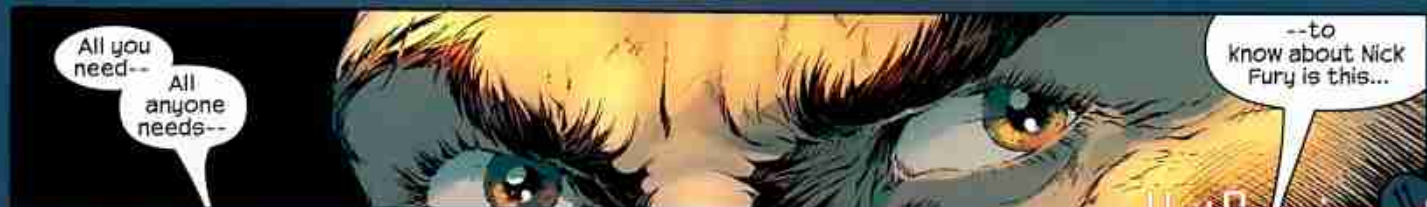
I'm not even gonna mention the clones.

Time's wasting.



Tell me about--

Nick Fury.



All you need--

All anyone needs--

--to know about Nick Fury is this...

"The man
is *cancer*."

"Your only
option is to face
it head-on..."

"Then pray
like hell it never
comes back."

Here's
the deal,
hero.

There's a
government
asset gone
missing.

I need
you to bring
him back in.



And you
expect me to
do *anything*--
for you--

Why?



Damn
taxpayer
dollars.



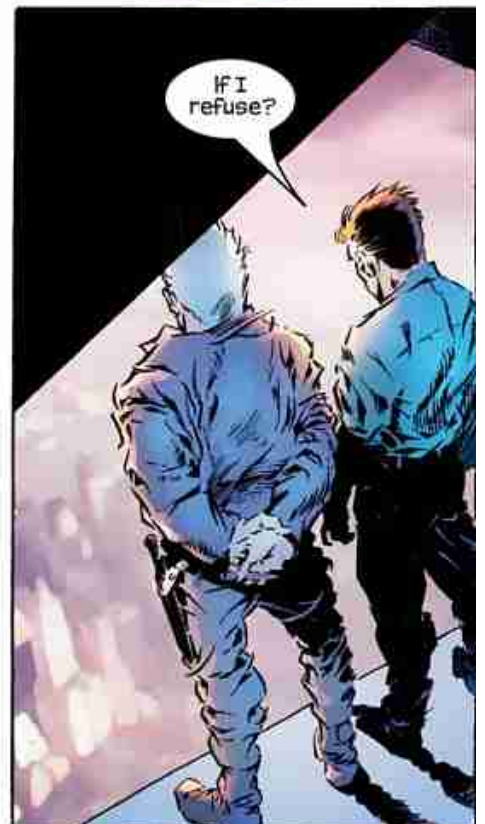
SNUFF

Because
it comes with
the costume,
Parker.

You'll
notice I don't
wear one.



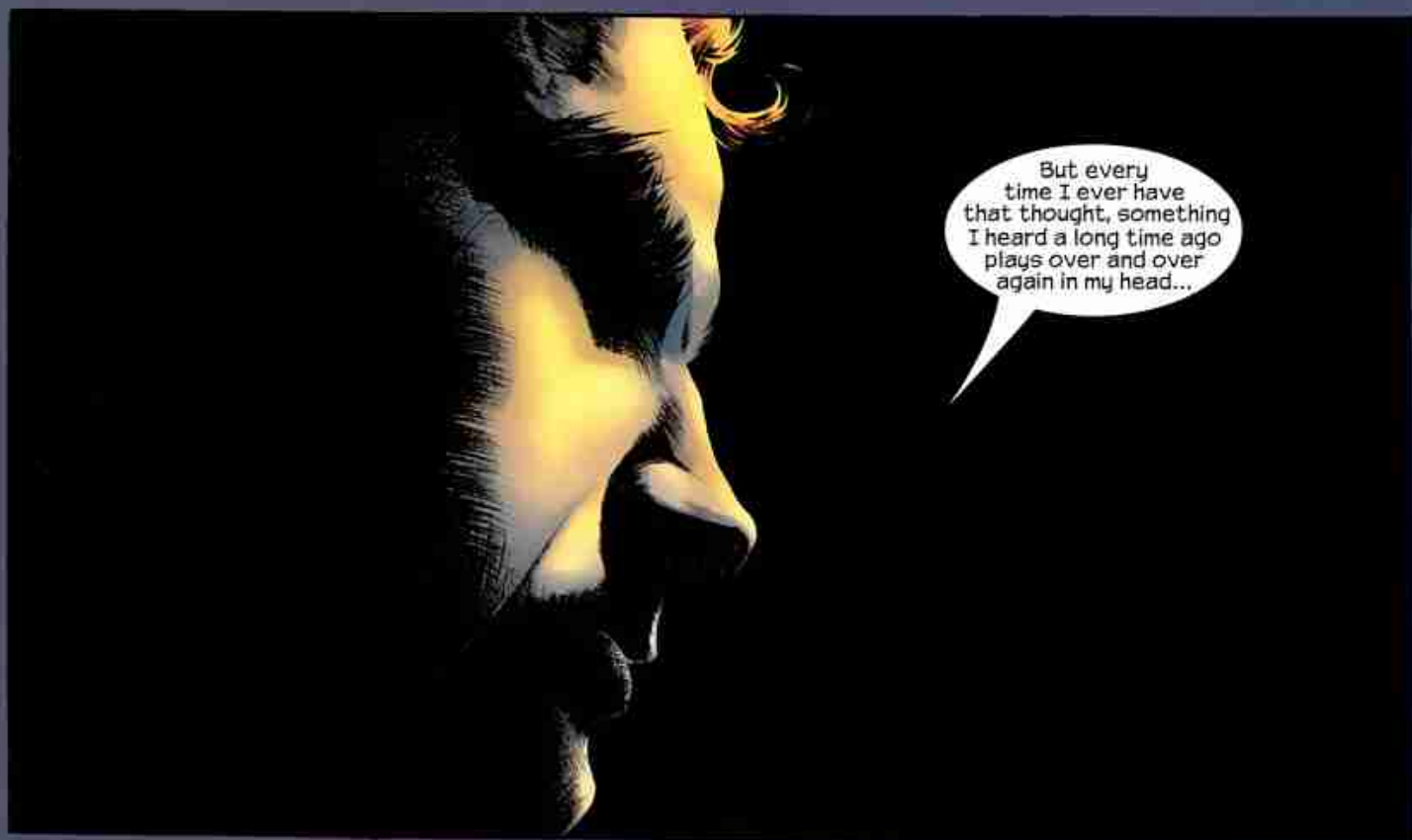
I'll
explain what
I can.





That's what I wanted to say.

For once, I wanted someone to figure out their own problem instead of just pointing a finger at me.



But every time I ever have that thought, something I heard a long time ago plays over and over again in my head...



Which is?

"Great
power.

"Great
responsibility."





You ready?



Tell me again.

Find the camp. Find the hostage. Find a way the hell out.

You make it sound easy.

It won't be.



How'll I recognize the guy?

Oh, he'll kind of stick out.
We clear?



Whatever.

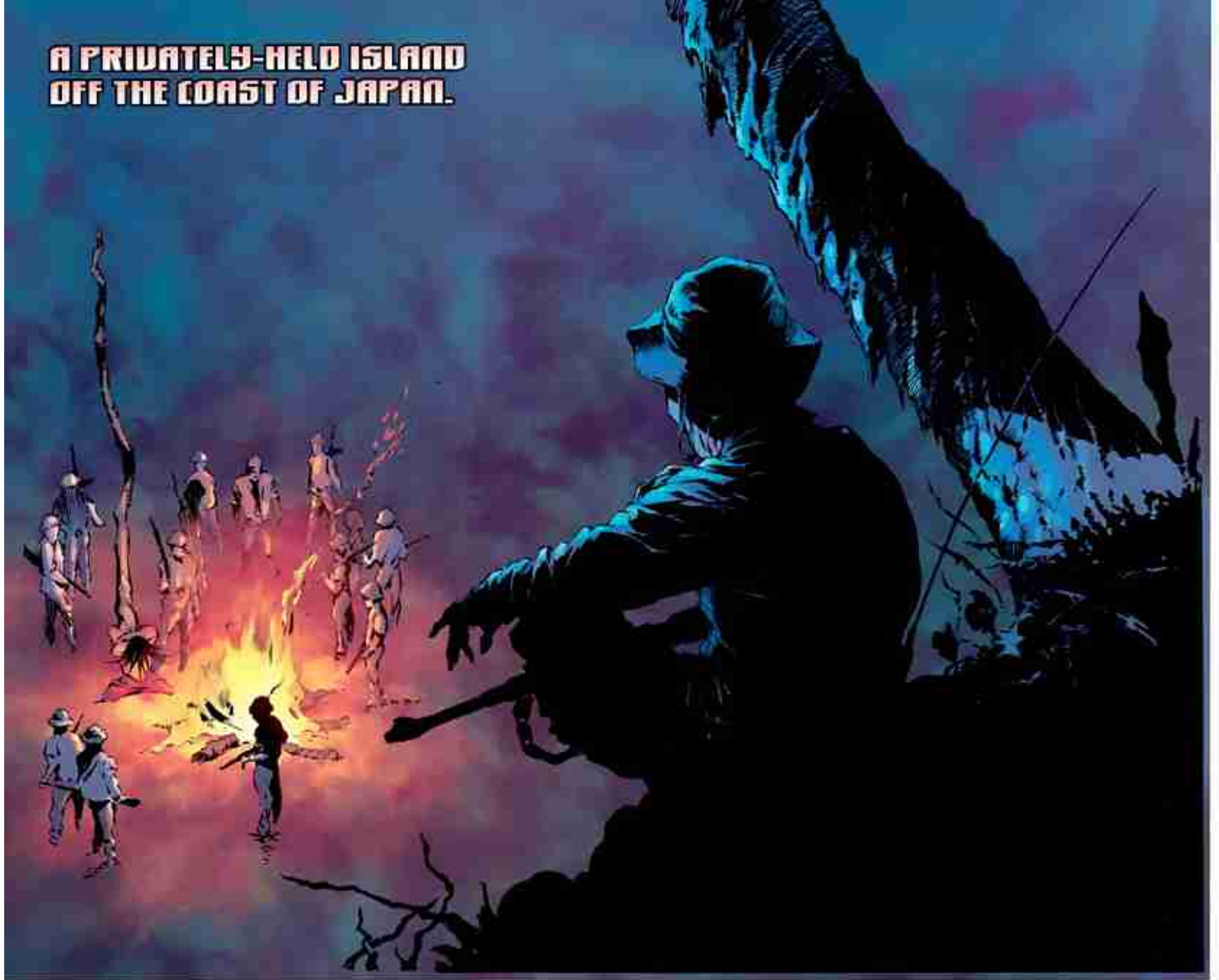
That's the spirit.

This place your dumping me--
You ever been?



Never when it wasn't on fire.

**A PRIVATELY-HELD ISLAND
OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN.**



«I have
built an entire
empire...»

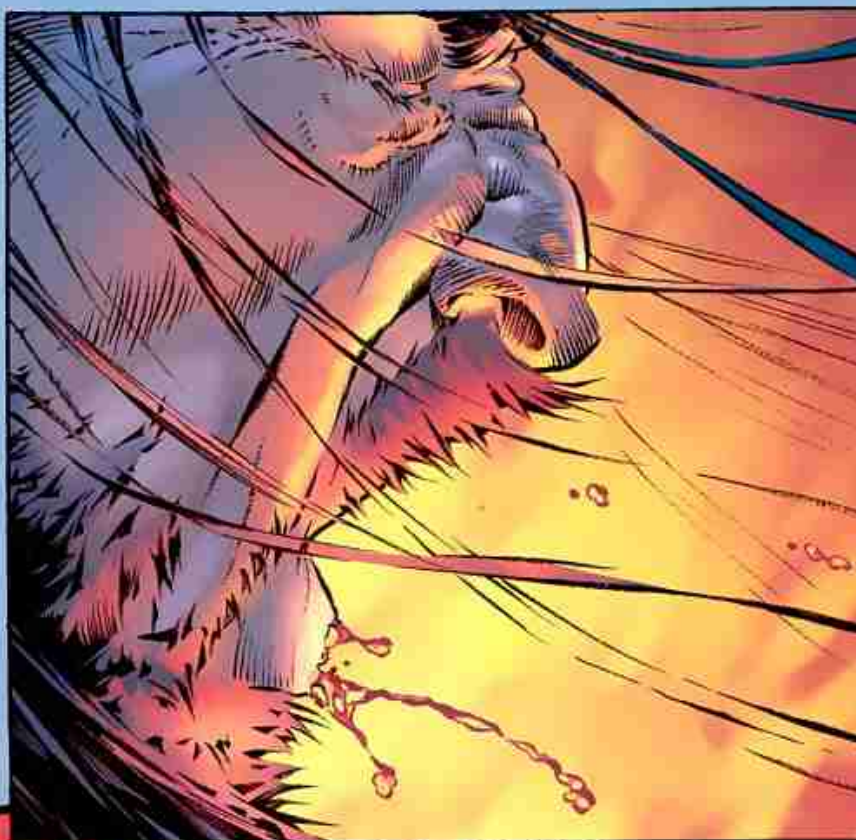
«... for
this day.»

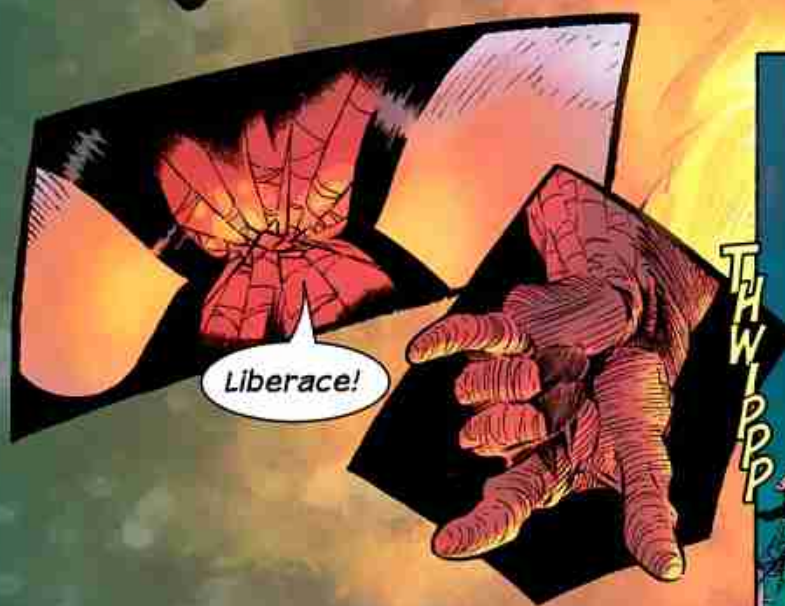


«What
has it been,
now...»



«Twelve
years?»







Or you could all just start shooting.

'Cause that would be original...



A camera?

I've heard Japanese TV is strange, but this...



Ruh-Roh.



Untie me.
Untie my hands...

No time.
No webs.
We gotta get the hell out of Dodge first.

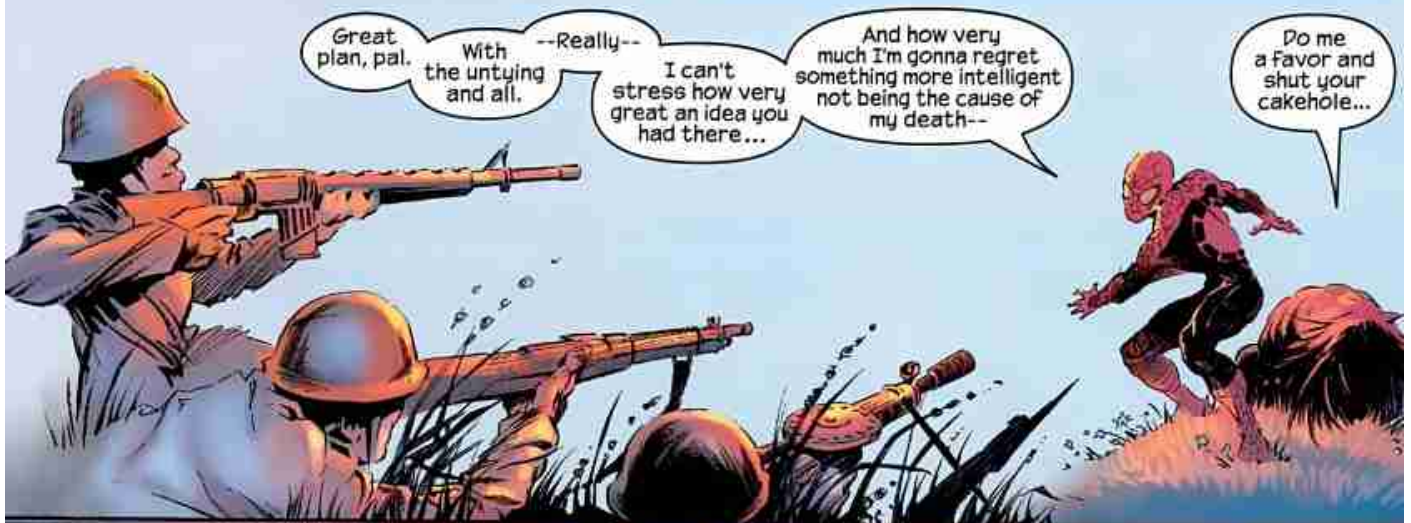


Untie.
Me.
Now.



All right.
Sheesh.

<HALT!!!>



Great plan, pal.

With the untieing and all.

--Really--

I can't stress how very great an idea you had there...

And how very much I'm gonna regret something more intelligent not being the cause of my death--

Do me a favor and shut your cakehole...

SNIKT

...bub.





Whoa.



What
happened
next?

I
honestly
couldn't tell
you.

It all
happened
so fast...



To be continued...
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MEGANUBIS

